at Northwick Lodge
Harrow Hill.

Wed, The Glorious First of June 1960

My Dearest Renard (Modern Hêg, Gabriel — that's quite nice & I rather like it) Our Hague Tutelar

should you get arrested / ~~The Tutelar~~ of the Peace, the least thing to Do (if Barbara ~~is~~ has time) is for you to bring both colours when you come next time and I'll correct them (if there are mistakes) and then you'll have a proper colour a so shall I. Of course, somewhere in this damned room I must have colours of it, but got knows where.

This ~~proof~~ can be only a hasty note. still trying to get onto a proper shape that confounded Dream of Pte. Clitus. Surprising what an awful number of bold-wits one has in a thing it one tries to really perfect ~~it~~, as far as one can. Tom told me a very true Spanish proverb: 'The best is the enemy of the ~~best~~ good'. Awfully true, is it it, of anything's 'best', even if it's a poor best only.

much love to Joan & Jan

Dai,

I'm calling those saffron haired girls in the Ode 'meretricious sirens'. I like always, if one gets a chance, to use an English word which gives a kind of back indication of its ~~factual~~ classical origin.

* please thank her especially for the eggs

Very exciting over the proofs of Pigott, I don't remember the Romans — I don't remember — I don't remember — I don't remember

1 June 60

Trying to get Pte Clitus into shape

'meteorician Sirius shines'

'I like always, if I get a chance, to use an English word which gives a kind of back indication of its factual & bodily origin.'

Pigotts garden –
'burned 12 Welshmen'
part of 'discarded writing' (1940)